

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT  
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

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### CALHOUN'S SPEECH.

In the Senate, Feb. 19th, John C. Calhoun offered some remarks on the Wilmot Proviso, Resolutions of the non-slaveholding States, &c., and concluded his speech by presenting for the consideration of that body the resolutions which we published last week.

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Mr. President, it was solemnly asserted on this floor, some time ago, that all parties in the non-slaveholding States had come to a fixed and solemn determination upon two propositions. One was, that there should be no further admission of any States into this Union, which permitted by their Constitution the existence of slavery, and the other was, that slavery should not hereafter exist in any of the Territories of the United States; the effect of which would be to give to the non-slaveholding States the monopoly of the public domain, to the entire exclusion of the slaveholding States. Since that declaration was made, Mr. President, we have abundant proof that there was a satisfactory foundation for it. We have received, already received solemn resolutions passed by seven of the non-slaveholding States, one half of the number already in the Union, Iowa not counted—using the strongest possible language to that effect; and no doubt, in a short space of time similar resolutions will be received from all the non-slaveholding States. But we need not go beyond the walls of Congress. The subject has been agitated in the other House, and they have sent you up a bill, "prohibiting the extension of slavery (to use their own language) to any territory which may be acquired by the United States hereafter." At the same time, two resolutions which have been moved to extend the compromise line from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, during the present session, have been rejected by a decided majority.

Sir, there is no mistaking the signs of the times; and it is high time that the Southern States, the slaveholding States, should inquire what is now their relative strength in this Union, and what it will be if this determination should be carried into effect hereafter. Sir, already we are in a minority—I use the word "we" for brevity sake—already we are in a minority in the other House, in the electoral college, and, I may say, in every department of this government, except at present in the Senate of the United States—there for the present we have an equality. Of the 28 States, 14 are non-slaveholding, and 14 are slaveholding, counting Delaware, which is doubtful, as one of the non-slaveholding States. But this equality of strength exists only in the Senate. One of the clerks at my request has furnished me with a statement of what is the relative strength of the two descriptions of States, in the other House of Congress and in the electoral college. There are 228 representatives, including Iowa, which is already represented there. Of these, 138 are from the non-slaveholding States, and 90 are from what are called the slave States, giving a majority in the aggregate, to the former, of 48. In the electoral college there are 198 votes belonging to the non-slaveholding States, and 118 to the slaveholding, giving a majority of 50 to the non-slaveholding States.

We, Mr. President, have at present only one position in the government, by which we may make any resistance to this aggressive policy which has been declared against the south, or any other that the non-slaveholding States may choose to take. And this equality in this body is of the most transient character. Already Iowa is a State, but owing to some domestic calamity, is not yet represented in this body. When she appears here, there will be an addition of two senators to the representatives of the non-slaveholding States. Already Wisconsin has passed the initiatory stage, and will be here at the next session. This will add two more, making a clear majority of four in this body, on the side of the non-slaveholding States, who will thus be enabled to sway every branch of that government, at their will and pleasure. But, sir, if this aggressive policy be followed—if the determination of the non-slaveholding States is to be adhered to hereafter, and we are to be entirely excluded from the territories we already possess, or may possess—if this is to be the fixed policy of the government, I ask, what will be our situation hereafter?

Sir, there is ample space for twelve or fifteen of the largest descriptions of States in the territories belonging to the United States. Already a law is in course of passage through the other House, creating one north of Wisconsin. There is ample room for another north of Iowa, and another north of that; and then that large region extending on this side of the Rocky Mountains, from 49° down to the Texan line, which may be set down fairly as an area of twelve and a half degrees of latitude—that extended region of itself is susceptible of having six, seven, or eight large States. To this add Oregon, which extends from 49° to 42°, which will give four more, and I make a very moderate calculation when I say that in addition to Iowa and Wisconsin, 12 more States upon the territory already ours—without reference to any acquisitions from Mexico—may be, and will be shortly added to these United States. How will we then stand? There will be but 14 on the part of the South—we are to be fixed, limited, and forever—and 28 on the part of the non-slaveholding States! Twenty-eight! Double our number; and with the same disproportion in the other House and in the electoral college! The government, sir, will be entirely in the hands of the non-slaveholding States—overwhelmingly!

Sir, if this state of things is to go on—if this determination so solemnly made, is to be persisted in, where shall we stand, as far as this federal government of ours is concerned? What, then, must we do? We must look to justice—to our own interest—in the Constitution. We will have no longer a shield in equality here. Nor can we rely upon the sense of justice of this body. Ought we to

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 32.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1847.

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rely upon this? These are solemn questions which I put on all sides.

Sir, look to the past. If we are to look to that—I will not go into the details—we will see from the beginning of this government to the present day, as far as pecuniary resources are concerned—as far as the disbursement of revenue is involved, it will be found that we have been a portion of this community which has substantially supported the government without receiving anything like a tautamount support from it. But why should I go beyond this very measure itself? Why go beyond this determination on the part of the non-slaveholding States, that there can be no addition to the slaveholding States, to prove what our opinion is?

Sir, what is the entire amount of this policy? I will not say that it is so designed, I will not say from what cause it originated, I will not say whether a blind fanaticism on one side, whether a hostile feeling to slavery entertained by many not fanatical on the other, or whether it has been the work of men, who, looking to political power, have considered the agitation of this question as the most efficient mode of obtaining the spoils of this government. I look to the fact itself. It is a policy now openly avowed to be persisted in. It is a policy, Mr. President, which aims to monopolize the powers of this government and obtain sole possession of its patronage.

Now, I ask, is there any remedy? Does the Constitution afford any remedy? Because, if not, is there any hope? These, Mr. President, are solemn questions—not only to us, but let me say to gentlemen from the non-slaveholding States, to them, Sir, the day that the balance between the two sections of the country—the slaveholding States and the non-slaveholding States—is destroyed, is a day that will not be far removed from political revolution, anarchy, civil war, and widespread disaster. The balance of this system is in the slaveholding States. They are the conservative portion—always have been the conservative portion—always will be the conservative portion; and, with a due balance on their part, may, for generations to come, uphold this glorious Union of ours. But, if this policy should be carried out—if we are to be reduced to a handful—if we are to become a mere ball to play the presidential game with—to count something in the Baltimore caucus—if this is to be the result—wo! wo! I say to this Union!

Now, sir, again I put the solemn question—does the Constitution afford any remedy? Is there any provision in it by which this aggressive policy, boldly avowed, as if perfectly consistent with our institutions and the safety and prosperity of the United States—may be confronted? Is this consistent with the Constitution? No, Mr. President, no! It is, in all its features, daringly opposed to the Constitution. What is it? Ours is a Federal Constitution. The States are its constituents, and not the people. The 28 States—the 29 States (including Iowa)—stand under this government as 29 individuals, or as 29 individuals would stand to a consolidated power. It was not made for the mere individual prosperity of the States as individuals. No, sir. It was made for higher ends. It was formed that every State constituting a portion of this great Union of ours should enjoy all its advantages, natural and acquired, with greater security, and enjoy them more perfectly. The whole system is based on justice and equality, perfect equality between the members of this Republic. Nor can that be consistent with equality which will make this public domain a monopoly on one side—which, in its consequences, would place the whole power in one section of the Union, to be wielded against the other sections of the Union? Is that equality?

How do we stand in reference to this territorial question—this public domain of ours? Why, sir, what is it? It is the common property of the States of the Union. They are called "the territories of the United States," And what are the "United States" but the States united! Sir, these territories are the property of the United States; held jointly for their common use. And it is consistent with justice—it is consistent with equality, that any portion of the partners out-numbering another portion shall out them in this common property of theirs—shall pass any law which shall proscribe the citizens of other portions of the Union from emigrating, with their property, to the territories of the United States? Would that be consistent—can it be consistent with the idea of a common property, held jointly for the common benefit of all? Would it be so considered in private life? Would it not be considered the greatest outrage in the world, and which any court on the face of the globe would at once overrule?

Mr. President, not only is that proposition grossly inconsistent with the Constitution; but the other, which undertakes to say that no State shall be admitted into this Union, which shall not prohibit by its Constitution the existence of slavery, is equally a great outrage against the Constitution of the United States. I hold it to be a fundamental principle of our political system, that the people have a right to establish what government they may think proper for themselves; that every State, about to become a member of this Union, has a right to form its own government as it pleases; and that in order to be admitted, there is but one qualification, and that is, that the government shall be Republican. It is not so expressly prescribed by the instrument itself, but by the great section which guarantees to every State in this Union, a Republican form of government. Now, sir, what is proposed, from a vague, indefinite, erroneous, and most dangerous conception of private individual liberty, to overturn this great common liberty which a people have of framing their own constitution? Sir, the individual right of man is not nearly so easily to be established by any course of reasoning, as his common liberty. And yet, sir, there are men of such delicate feeling on the subject of liberty—there are men who cannot possibly bear what they call slavery in one section of the country (and it is not so much slavery as an institution indispensable for the good of both races); men so squeamish

ish on this point, that they are ready to strike down the higher right of a community to govern themselves, in order to maintain the absolute right of individuals in all circumstances, to govern themselves!

Mr. President, the resolutions that I have proposed, present, in exact terms, these great truths. I propose to present them to the Senate; I propose to have a vote upon them; and I trust there is no gentleman here who will refuse a direct vote upon these propositions. It is mainly that we should know the state of things. It is due to our constituents that we insist upon it; and for one, will insist upon it, that the sense of this body shall be taken; the body which represents the States in their capacity as communities, and the members of which are to be their special guardians. It is due to them, sir, that there should be a fair expression of what is the sense of this body. Upon that expression much depends. It is the only stand which we can have. It is the only position which we can take, which will uphold us with anything like independence—which will give us any chance at all to maintain an equality in this Union, on those great principles to which I have had reference. Overrule these principles, and we are nothing! Preserve them, and we will ever be a respectable portion of the community.

Sir, here let me say a word as to the compromise line. I have always considered it as a great error—highly injurious to the South, because it surrendered, for mere temporary purposes, those high principles of the Constitution upon which I think we ought to stand. I am against any compromise line. Yet, I would have been willing to have continued the compromise line. One of the resolutions in the House, to that effect, was offered at my suggestion. I said to a friend there, (Mr. Burt,) "Let us not be disturbers of this Union. As abhorrent to my feelings as is that compromise line, let it be adhered to in good faith; and if the other portions of the Union are willing to stand by it, let us not refuse to stand by it. It has kept peace for some time, and in the circumstances, perhaps it would be better to keep peace as it is." But, sir, it was voted down by an overwhelming majority. It was renewed by a gentleman from a non-slaveholding State, and again voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Well, I see my way in the Constitution. I cannot in the compromise. A compromise is but an act of Congress. It may be overruled at any time. It gives us no security. But the Constitution is stable. It is a rock. On it I can stand. It is a principle on which we can make a stand, in the slaveholding States. It is firm ground on which they can better stand in opposition to fanatics, than on the shifting sands of compromise.

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Let us be done with compromise. Let us go back and stand upon the Constitution!

Well, sir, what if the decision of this body shall deny to us this high Constitutional right, which, in my opinion, is as clear as any in the instrument itself—the more defined and stable indeed, because deduced from the entire body of the instrument, and the nature of the subject to which it relates? What then? That is a question which I will not undertake to decide. It is a question for our constituents—the slaveholding States. A noble and a great question, Mr. President. And if the decision should be adverse at this time, I trust and do believe that they will take under solemn consideration what they ought to do. I give no advice. It would be hazardous and dangerous for me to do so. But I may speak as an individual member of that section of the Union. There I drew my first breath. There are all my hopes. I am a southern man, and a slaveholder—a kind and a merciful one, I trust—and none the worse for being a slaveholder. I say, for one, I would rather meet any extremity upon earth, than give up one inch of our equality—one inch of what belongs to us as members of this great Republic! What! acknowledge inferiority! The surrender of life is nothing to sinking down into acknowledged inferiority!

I have examined this subject largely, widely. I think I see the future, if we do not stand up now; and, in my humble opinion, the condition of Ireland is merciful and happy—the condition of Hindostan is peace and happiness—the condition of Jamaica is prosperous and happy, to what the Southern States will be, if now they yield! \* \* \*

### "Noble Exploits."

The Cincinnati Advertiser speaks of the "noble exploits" of one of the Ohio Volunteers—Samuel Myers. At the battle of Monterey he was wounded by a ball which passed through the bone of the chin and lodged in the under flesh making a dreadful wound. He had the ball extracted and fired several times before he would suffer himself to be withdrawn—demonstrating that "he was a dead man, and d—d if he didn't want to kill some of them." These are the "noble exploits" which the Advertiser publishes to the world. That paper has singular material out of which to manufacture "noble exploits" or a "noble" hero.—*True Democrat.*

While the True Democrat, an Anti-Slavery Whig paper, speaks thus of the marauders who left Ohio to fight the battles of slavery; the Cincinnati Herald, a Liberty party paper, labors through nearly a column to show that these Ohio cut-throats exhibited at Monterey, that kind of bulldog courage, which made them careless of their own lives, in their eagerness to murder the Mexicans, and that they were no cowards as had been charged upon them. In doing this, the Herald quotes from the Advertiser; the paper referred to the point. It says:

"Now, that young Myers may not be aspersed as an interested witness, we will take it upon ourselves to fortify his declaration by the testimony of men who are disinterested.

Colonel Campbell, of the Tennessee Regi-

ment, whose letters to the Nashville papers we have heretofore quoted, says he was sent to sustain the 3d Infantry and the Baltimore Battalion, who had been ordered to attack a fort, but they faltered, and had taken shelter behind houses, and got into the outskirts of the town, &c. So much for that.—Myers is

sustained by one witness. The Army Cor-

respondent of the New Orleans Times, most

signally clinches both these statements, and

ends the controversy. He writes:

"In the midst of the fire, Col. Watson, of

the Baltimore battalion, rode up to Col. Gar-

land and expressed his satisfaction at joining

him. The latter replied that he was glad to

see him, (Col. W.) but says he, this is a severe pinch we are in, and where is your regi-

ment? Col. W. replied, they are coming, to

which the other said, I do not see them, if

you do not bring them up, they will soon be

of no service to us. Col. Watson immedi-

ately set off in search of his command. As

he approached, but when, at some distance,

his horse was shot and fell with him; he

sprung up and ran towards the men, exclaim-

ing that he was not hurt, and calling on them

to advance. He again turned about and pres-

tured toward town, close by the northeastern

front, not far from where he fell. Lieut. Bow-

es, and a few men, being near him!"

"The Sun and its camp slanderer, are not

to be envied, and they deserve no pity.

We will exercise compassion enough, however,

henceforth to let them wear their withered

laurels in such peace of mind as the con-

siousness of convicted cowardice can bring

them."

The Ohio Regiment, it will be remember-

ed, constitutes the only body of troops from

a free state which were in that engagement.

And true to that instinct, which never varies,

the chivalry have in this instance, as in all

others, glorified themselves, and have endeav-

ored, in every way, to depreciate the conduct

and character of the citizens of the Free States.

We are scarcely conceive, how mis-repre-

sentations so numerous and so glaring, could

have been innocently crowded into a space

so small. But we give a wide margin to

thoughts of prejudice, and for the present

shall lay down the offense to ignorance rather

than to malice. That alternative, will be

denied us, if, the writer, seeing the opportu-

nity, which we shall, afford us by neglecting

the truth of correction shall pass it by, neglected.

The Bugle contrasts the course of the True

Democrat with that of the Herald, and charges

upon the latter that it labors through

nearly a column to prove the Ohio volunteers

no cowards. Now this is not true; we wrote

one article, the one referred to, to show that

the volunteers and the presses of the slave

States, in strict accordance with their envi-

ronment,

not stand the rack! I am sorry for him. He did as the President told him.

What was the reason for all this? Massachusetts did not like the war even then, yet gave her consent. Why so? There are two words which can drive all the blam out of the cheeks of cowardly men in Massachusetts. They are "Federalism," and "Hartford Convention." The fear of these words palsied the conscience of Massachusetts, and her Governor did as he was told! I feel no fear of either. The Federalists did not see all things—Who ever did! They had not the ideas which were destined to sway this nation; they looked back when the age looked forward. But to their own ideas they were true; and if a nobler body of men ever held state in any nation, I have yet to learn who they were. If we had had the shadow of God's Strong in our Governor's chair, not a volunteer had gone out of Massachusetts.

I have not told quite all the reasons why Massachusetts did nothing. Men knew the war would cost dollars—the dollars would in the end be raised, not by a direct tax, of which the poor man paid according to his life, and the rich man in proportion to his wealth—but by a tariff which presses light on property, but hard on the person, by a tax on the backs and mouths of people. Some of the Whigs last June were glad to see the war came, for they hoped thereby to save the child of their old age, the tariff of '42.

There are always some rich men who say, "No matter what sort of a government we have, so long as we get our dividends; whatever how much the nation suffers, if we fill our hungry purse thereby." Well, they lost their virtue; lost their tariff too, and gained just nothing! what they deserved to gain.

Now a third opportunity has come! No, it has not come; we have brought it. Now is a time to protest. The President wants a war-tax on tea and coffee. Is that Democratic—to tax every man's breakfast and supper for the sake of getting more territory to whip negroes in? (Numerous cries of "Yes.") Then what do you think despotism would be? He asks a loan of \$23,000,000 for this war! He wants \$3,000,000 to spend privately for the war! In eight months past, I am told, he has asked for \$74,000,000 to conquer new slave territory! Is that Democratic, too? He wants to increase the standing army; to have ten regiments more! A pretty business that. Ten regiments to gag the people in Fenian Hall. Do you think that is Democratic? Some men just asked Massachusetts for \$20,000 for the volunteers! It is time for the people to rebuke all this wickedness.

I think there is a good deal to excuse the volunteers. I blame them, for some of them know what they are about. Yet I pity them more, for most of them are told, are low, ignorant men; some of them drunken and brutal. From the roar they make here to-night—arms in their hands—I think what was told me is true! I say I pity them! they are my brothers. Not the less brothers because low and misguided. If they are so needy that they are forced to enlist by poverty, surely I pity them. If they are of good families, and know better, I pity them still more! I blame most the men that have duped the rank and file! I blame the Captains and Colonels, who will have least of the hardships, most of the pay, and all of the glory!

I blame the men that made the war—the men that make money out of it. I blame the great party men of the land. Did not Mr. Clay say he hoped he could slay a Mexican?—("Cries, 'No, he didn't,'") Yes, he did—said it on Fathers' day! Did not Mr. Webster, in the streets of Philadelphia, bid the volunteers—go and uphold the stars of their country? (A voice, "He did right!") No, he should have said the stripes of his country, for every volunteer is a stripe on the nation's back! Did he not declare this war unconstitutional, and threaten to impeach the President who made it, and then go and invest a son in it? Has it not been said here, "Our country however bounded—bounded by robbery or bounded by right lines?" Has it not been said, all around, "Our country, right or wrong!"

I say I blame not so much the volunteers as the famous men who deceive the nation! (Cries of "Throw him over," &c.) Throw him over! you will not throw him over! I shall walk home unarmed and unattended, and no man of you will hurt one hair of my head.

I say again, it is time for the people to take up this matter. Your Congress will do nothing till you tell them what and how! Your 29th Congress can do little good. Its sands are nearly run. God be thanked! It is the most infamous Congress we ever had. We began with the Congress that declared Independence, and swore by the Eternal Justice of God. We have come down to the 29th Congress, which declared war existed by the act of Mexico—declared a lie—the Congress that swore by the Baltimore Convention!—We began with George Washington, and have got down in James K. Polk.

It is time for the people of Massachusetts to instruct their servants in Congress to oppose this war; to refuse all supplies for it; to ask for the recall of the army into our own land. It is time for us to tell them, that not an inch of slave territory shall ever be added to the realm. Let us remonstrate; let us petition; let us command. If any class of men have hitherto been remiss, let them come forward now, and give us their names—the merchants, the manufacturers, the Whigs and the Democrats. If in a love their country better than their party or their purse, now let them show it.

Let us ask the General Court of Massachusetts to cancel every commission which the Governor has given to the officers of the volunteers. Let us ask them to disband the companies not yet mustered into actual service; and then, if you like that, ask them to call a convention of the people of Massachusetts, to see what we shall do in reference to the war—in reference to the annexation of more territory—in reference to the violation of the Constitution! (Loud groans from crowds of rude folks in several parts of the Hall.) That was a sorry groan; they never dared groan so in Fenwick Hall before; nor even the British Tories, when they had no bayonets to back them up! I say, let us ask for these things!

Your President tells us it is treason to talk so! Treason is it! treason to discuss a war which the government made, and which the people are made to pay for! If it is treason to speak against the war, what was it to make the—to ask for 50,000 men and \$74,000,000 for the war! Why, if the people can't discuss the war they have got to fight, to pay for, who under Heaven can! Whose business is it, if it is not yours and mine! If

that the accusation against their courage was a false one.

Is this puerility worthy of a paper professing to be anti-slavery!—and professing too, to be trying to reform the morals of the country!

But it denies having said anything in admiration of the war. Did I charge it with doing this? Not at all. Why then does its Editor make the denial? Did the Ghost of some murdered Banquo start up before him, causing him to exclaim, "I said nothing in admiration of the war!" But he also denies having said anything in admiration of the conduct of the soldiers.

What, I ask, is showing an accusation against their courage to be a false one, when the Editor considers that the Southern troops, in arrogating to themselves courage and denying it to others, are usurping what the world considers praiseworthy, but saying something in admiration of the conduct of the soldiers when he proves them to have done that at the battle of Monterey which gives them a character for bravery?

This brings me to the reason why I said that the Herald quoted from the Advertiser to vindicate the courage of the Ohio troops. These troops went to Mexico, for what?—Was it for the pay they would receive? This certainly was too small an inducement—Why then did they go there to fight the battles of slavery? Was it from a mere restless thirst of blood!—merely because they delighted in cutting and hacking and mangling their fellow men! Perhaps this was an influencing motive; but was it not in a great measure to gain what the world considers profitable pay? glory!—and have it said by the public presses that they were brave—to have those presses do just what the Herald has been doing? Does any one suppose these soldiers would have gone from Ohio to do as the Herald says "the work at which they were set, and find their best and surest defense in the report of death's doing?"—aye, to do this work of murder—it profligate presses throughout the country were not to be found, that would herald these deeds of violence as brave acts and glorious achievements, and defend them from any charges which would in the eyes of the murderer-loving portion of the people tarnish their glory!

The True Democrat quoted from the Advertiser to show what infamous and vile sets that paper was parading before the public as "Noble Exploits." The Herald quoted from it to vindicate the courage of these marauders from a false accusation. One thought that the statements it quoted should render those soldiers infamous—the other that they were evidences of their courage.

But in reference to my mis-statements—

Does the Herald deny that it opposed the war, but at the same time desired that the safety of Gen. Taylor, "that noble officer and his brave army," should not be jeopardized? Does it deny that it opposed the war, but said if England or France were to attempt an armed intervention, that the citizen, who believed in the rightfulness of self-defense, and would not fly to beat them back, ought to be spurned the country? Does it deny that it was opposing the war professedly, when at the time, it was occupying its columns with vindications of the Ohio Volunteers from a false accusation against their courage!—that it was doing that which, perhaps, more than anything else stimulates men to enter the ranks of an army? If it does not, then where are my mis-statements?

I have occupied this much space in commenting upon the remarks of the Herald; and my apology for so doing exists in the fact, that while it is compromising principle and profligately pandering to a wicked sentiment, it still professes to be an anti-slavery paper—a paper for the purpose of reforming the morals of the people on the subject of slavery, and procuring its abolition. Because of those professions, it has the power of doing harm by its infidelity to principle, therefore it is necessary to expose its wickedness, weakness, and folly.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

#### Useless Organizations.

Every man is obliged to take the world as he finds it, and in passing through, he leaves it either better or worse. He adopts its customs, fashions, notions, and spirits, and so becomes conformed to the whole course of the world, or he becomes disgusted with these things and becomes transformed in himself. Inasmuch as the world by some cause has become full of discord and contention; the great business of man is to bring things into a state of order, and not be controlled by every wrong thing that surrounds him, but control in a great measure those evils with which he is environed; and unless he can do this in a greater or lesser degree, his influence is of no avail, and he might as well not have lived.

Now if the above remarks are well founded as it regards individuals, they will hold good of associations, and if so, we have come to the point at issue. If certain organizations are in existence—no matter what their names are—which cannot control certain wrongs but are controlled by those wrongs, such organizations might as well be out of the world as in. Organizations that have been founded in justice, mercy, and truth, have been a great blessing to community in pushing forward, not one, but all great benevolent enterprises. But those organizations which are for party purposes, which have not justice, mercy, and

truth, in them, have been a great curse to community by hedging up the way of reforms. We prefer no charges against any individuals, nor organizations, for the state of morals that was in the world, when they made their ingress; but we do impute guilt to those who when they saw the corruption existing around them, struggled not against the impure stream that was bearing pollution through the land.

Hence it appears that the greatest business of man in the world is to correct the errors of himself and his fellow men. M. E.

#### A Dish of Third Partyism.

Friends Editors:

We have recently had a rare specimen of Third Partyism in this place. It came off on the eve of the 8th inst. But to give you an introduction to the men and facts, I must make you acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, of Hinslburgh, who made his entry in New Lyne the first of Dec. last. It was in this wise. He was invited by a Liberty party friend to preach an anti-slavery sermon in the B-pist house. As it chanced to be the day on which Rev. Mr. Foot occupied the house, Mr. P.'s friend above referred to, proposed (he was a member of Mr. P.'s church,) that he give way for Mr. Prentiss in the afternoon. To this Mr. Foot objected, said he did not believe it right to deride the Sabbath and sanctuary by preaching abolition on Sunday, and demanded Mr. P.'s authority to preach, &c. Finally, the house was granted for the evening. After the afternoon service Mr. Prentiss arose and stated that he was a friend of the church—one more for her interests than he—it was a part of his mission to counteract the Garrisonian influence of tearing down the churches, &c. In the evening, however, he denounced the churches in true Garrisonian style; comporting poorly, I thought, with his previous explanation. He said they had stolen the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in, and that such churches and ministers were a disgrace to perdition. The next day he said to me that he was with Garrison on the church question, exactly.

Another actor in the scene was Mr. Gleser, a colored Liberty party lecturer. He came into a meeting at our place, in which our friend Curtis took part, who said in substance that Liberty party, acting as it does and must, under a pro-slavery Constitution, is in a devilish position. At this Mr. Gleser took umbrage, denounced the Garrisonians, and charged Mr. C. with calling all Liberty party men devils—then exulted Gerrit Smith with great warmth. Mr. Curtis explained by saying he referred to the position of Liberty party, not to the hearts of its members.

The next evening we assembled to hear Mr. Mason—whereupon Mr. Gleser took the stand and repeated his tirade of the previous evening and eulogy upon G. Smith, and appointed a meeting on the evening of the 8th, for the purpose of showing the Liberty party to be the only hope of the slave. He said if I or any other one wished to reply after he was through, he had no objection. The 8th came, and found L. Peck, myself, and several other Disunionists at the meeting. I scarce ever before heard such a tirade of misrepresentation and falsehood, as he poured out upon the Garrisonians. After storming and ranting till about half past 8 o'clock, he wound up by exhorting his Liberty party friends to discontinue the Bugle, and all papers of like character.

Friend Peck showed in reply, that the Curtis is a pro-slavery compact, and that if it is not, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, &c., were perfidious men, for they administered it as such. He proceeded to read from Gerrit Smith and Dr. Bailey, when Mr. Prentiss would have had no objection. The 8th came, and found L. Peck, myself, and several other Disunionists at the meeting. I scarce ever before heard such a tirade of misrepresentation and falsehood, as he poured out upon the Garrisonians. After storming and ranting till about half past 8 o'clock, he wound up by exhorting his Liberty party friends to discontinue the Bugle, and all papers of like character.

Some of the counts under the 7th head of the indictment which the author of "Comeoutism and Comeovers" has preferred against those who believe it is as much a duty to secede from a pro-slavery set as to leave a pro-slavery political organization, read thus:—

1. The great denominations, and indeed all the ecclesiastical bodies in the land are put down pro-slavery.

2. Every local church connected with these bodies is, by virtue of that connection, pro-slavery.

3. Every minister of the gospel ecclesiastically related to any one of the religious denominations is ex-relations pro-slavery.

4. Any church not immediately connected with the pro-slavery denominations, which gives or receives letters to or from churches which are so connected, becomes thereby partners in the sin, its known anti-slavery character to the contrary notwithstanding.

5. A church which admits to its communion a Whig, or a Democrat, or a Liberty man, is pro-slavery.

6. The church which fellowship such a church, by exchanging letters of dismission and recommendation, is also pro-slavery.

If the positions herein stated be true, and if it be also true that no abolitionist can consistently fellowship, as Christians, the members of a pro-slavery church, then is comeoutism most clearly a duty. But the question is asked are these positions true? It would, perhaps, hardly be worth while to attempt to prove that the leading denominations of the land are pro-slavery; every abolitionist is ready to admit this, at least if it is true of all save the one with which he is connected. And further; it can readily be demonstrated that the smaller as well as the larger denominations, aid in sustaining slavery by justifying it, apologizing for it, recognizing the slave-claimant as a Christian, or by doing more to oppose the progress of anti-slavery principles than to destroy slavery.

One exception should perhaps be made here: so far as we are acquainted with the Old School Covenanters, they are clear in all these particulars, though there is great need of more activity among them. There are also some individual churches of other

sects that, for ought we can learn, occupy a consistent position. We do not wish to be understood as intimating that these denominations have never given utterance to anti-slavery sentiments; but we do assert that their strength has been thrown upon the side of the oppressor, and the tyrant has felt secure in his power because of the support they have given him.

These denominations all claim to be Christian, and perhaps are; but if their claim to this character is just, we have placed a wrong estimate upon Christianity. Is that a Christian church which recognizes as members of its body, in good and regular standing, the worshippers of Juggernaut? Certainly not!

is the universal response. Is that a Christian church which holds union and communion with the followers of Mahomed, claiming them as beloved brethren in the Lord? Most assuredly not! is the general answer. Is that a Christian church which freely admits to membership the ordinary thief and robber? Unquestionably not! is the reply. Does not a slaveholding church, or a church composed in part of slaveholders, exhibit as great a defection in Christian character, as either of the three referred to? Is there a mother who would not sooner recognize as a Christian brother the simple-hearted Pagan from Hindostan, than the slaveholder who claims her child as a part of his plantation stock? Is there a husband who would not rather commune with the Mahomedan, whose religion forbids him to enslave a brother in the faith, than with one whose tyrant hand has torn from him the wife of his bosom? Is there a brother who would not sooner hold religious fellowship with the pickpocket or highwayman who takes from him his purse, than with one who asserts a property-right in his sister—a right to dispose of her as caprice or fancied interest may dictate?

But the defenders of the Christian character of slaveholding churches always here throw in the plea of ignorance, as a kind of half, if not whole justification of the slaveholder, who, they say, has never been taught that slavery was wrong, and that it would, therefore, be wrong to deny him the privileges of Christian fellowship and church communion. To this we reply—although ignorance may palliate the guilt of the wrong-doer, it does not render him worthy of membership in a Christian church. If it does, why not admit the poor Pagan whose father and whose brothers voluntarily sacrificed their lives on the altar of their religion; and who himself worships at the temple where they died, observing the same forms and ceremonies which have been hallowed by the observance of his ancestors for centuries? If it does, why not admit him who has ever dwelt within the shadow of the mosque, who has heard and obeyed since early infancy the daily call to prayer as it sounded from the minaret, who, with devout spirit ever proclaims "God is God, and Mahomed is his prophet!" If it does, why not admit that poor man whose first breath was inhaled amid vice and pollution, who, an outcast from society, was left to grow up amid festering corruption, shut out from the blessed sunlight of God's truth and forced to grope his way in the dark and terrible paths of wickedness—who has been made to feel that his fellows had crushed and wronged him, and has been taught what he has ever practised, that as his fellow men had trampled upon him, it was right for him to rob them! Although the churches and the defenders of the church endorse the Christian character of the man-stealer because of his ignorance, they are not willing to set the same part by the Pagan, the Mahomedan, and the common thief. A reason for this may be found in the fact that Paganism is not popular here, that Mahomedanism is not in good repute, that ordinary thieving is far from respectable, while Manslaughter is both fashionable and aristocratic.

According to our belief, a Christian church is, or should be, a church of Christians; and if any member of that church is engaged in an anti-Christian business, or has perpetrated an anti-Christian act—it matters not, so far as this point is concerned, whether he transgresses ignorantly or knowingly—that church, if it claims excommunicating power, is bound to discipline him, and cut him off unless he repents. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed, and if the church retains the offending member it must either bring him up to where it stands, or go down to where he is. If the church may extend the right hand of Christian fellowship to one unrepentant offender, the principle, if carried out, would allow every member to be an offender; and if the violators of one point in Christ's law be retained, upon the same principle the violators of another, and of every point may be retained, so that when this popular pro-slavery doctrine is pushed to the farthest legitimate point, we have a Christian church composed of fiends incarnate. But the defenders of the church do not wish to have this principle applied to the Sabbath-breaker, the man guilty of petit larceny, or other criminals of the smaller kind; it is only designed to screen the wealthy and influential slaveholder and sinners of that class. It does seem as if the common sense of the people would at once decide that the denominations of this land—all those at least that receive the slaveholder as a communicant—are anti-Christian; it would if left to itself, and it will when it breaks the shackles sectarianism has thrown around it. As to those denominations which do not admit slave-claimants to communion and fellowship, we may have some

J. M. W.

A CARD.

Having seen a statement in the Bugle, calculated to injure the reputation of the American House by slandering its landlord, I would say that I was present at the time the occurrence took place referred to by Hammond Thomas, and have only to say that his statement is not correct—it is untrue.

JOHN M. WEBB.

Salem, March 10, 1847.

N. B. Other testimony to the same effect can be obtained, if necessary.

J. M. W.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MARCH 12, 1847.

I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds.—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

#### Special Notice.

The treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is in immediate need of about one hundred dollars. Will those who have made pledges, oblige by forwarding the amount if convenient? If those who have neither made pledges nor given anything to the funds of the Society are disposed to contribute, will they please do so at once?

All the money forwarded will be acknowledged in the Bugle.

SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

"Comeoutism and Comeovers."

Some of the counts under the 7th head of the indictment which the author of "Comeoutism and Comeovers" has preferred against those who believe it is as much a duty to secede from a pro-slavery set as to leave a pro-slavery political organization, read thus:—

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thing to say hereafter. If a highwayman, one who made no secret of his profession but rather gloried in it, was connected with a church which fellowshiped him as a beloved brother, who is there that would hesitate to pronounce that church anti-christian? No one. And why? Because it is certified to the christian character of a violator of God's law, and thereby came down to where he stood; for it should be remembered that the church neither receives or retains in membership any one who has not given, and does not continue to give, what it deems sufficient evidences of christian character. Apply this rule of judgment to the slaveholding churches, and what have we? Anti-christian churches! If these churches are fellowshipped by those which have no slave-claiming members, the latter are necessarily pro-slavery—pro-slavery in position and sentiment if they are acquainted with the true character of the church they fellowship; in position only, if they are ignorant of it, and would withdraw their fellowship if they rightly understood it. This latter condition we are told is the case with many churches.—This may be, yet it seems rather strange that those churches which are careful to ascertain to a shade the views of all whom they fellowship, individuals as well as corporate bodies, in regard to Atonement, Baptism, Future Punishment, &c., should not be equally careful to make themselves acquainted with their opinions in regard to the stealing of babies, the whipping of women, and the robbing of men. But so it is. Churches professing to be anti-slavery in feeling are found in loving fellowship with slaveholding churches; but we never heard of one that believed in eternal damnation fellowshiping another that denied that doctrine.

If, then, the leading denominations of this land are slaveholding in character—and none can intelligently deny it—if the retention of one acknowledged slaveholder as a member in good and regular standing makes a church pro-slavery, as we think has been clearly shown; and if the same rule of judgment should be applied to the connection of church with church in denomination, as of man to man in church fellowship, then is the conclusion we have arrived at correct—that any church that fellowships slaveholding bodies as christian churches is in a pro-slavery position; and inasmuch as individuals compose the church, each and all are in this position. Not only is the minister *ex-relations* pro-slavery, but every layman is so; for a layman, by their connection, the christian character of the slave-claimant.

But we have written more than we designed, while we have as yet but treated upon the first three points in our text. Further remarks must be deferred.

#### Cincinnati Herald.

On our first page will be found two articles from the above named paper. The editor thought the Bugle had done him injustice, and therefore requested us to publish one or the other of the articles referred to. That he may not have any cause to think us unfair, we give them both, and also a communication from Samuel Brooke in regard to this matter. Although the editor attempts to justify himself, yet we think our readers will readily see that his article on "The Ohio Regiment and its traducers," is a disgrace to the editorial columns of an anti-slavery paper.—How happens it that the Herald is so exceedingly sensitive in regard to the courage of these Ohio cut-throats?

After making all *possible* allowance, we think the position of the Herald in regard to the Mexican war, a very suspicious one, for the editor by some means or other manages to copy and write articles which are as much out of place in a journal advocating the cause of the slave, as Satan would be in Paradise. Take for instance the following editorial from the Herald of March 3d.

We learn that Edward C. Marshall and Calhoun, Graham, Esq., are enlisting men to serve in the War, under the Ten Regiment Bill. Recruits will be received at the South West corner of Main and Court Streets, and at Marshall's Law office, on Sixth a few doors West of Main.

Isn't that a decidedly cool announcement for an editor to make who professes abolitionism and claims to be an opponent of the Mexican war? How kind it is in him to let fools know where they can enlist, and to be so particular in direction that they cannot possibly mistake the place. If the first three words were stricken off the article, and "STANLEY MATTHEWS, Recruiting Sergeant," subscribed thereto, we see not how Uncle Sam could object to endorsing it as a real Simon Pure recruiting trap.

#### Just Received.

"The Forlorn Hope," by Parker Pillsbury, price 15cts.

The poetical "Anti-Slavery Alphabet"—a book pleasing and instructive to children, price 12cts.

Also, a few copies of "Fact and Fiction," by Mrs. Child, "Memoir of Torrey," and "Granite Songster."

Those who desire to procure a copy of any of the above works, had better apply soon.—To accommodate our friends at a distance, we will send by mail to any one who will forward us one dollar, (postage paid) seven copies of "The Forlorn Hope." This work, together with the Anti-Slavery Alphabet, and those advertised in another column, may be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg.

#### To Correspondents.

E. F. A. Have not time to examine her package before this paper goes to press. Will give it due attention.

X. Very welcome to the use of our columns.

B. M. C. Hope B. will comply with her request. Better send the package by mail, unless a good private opportunity offers. We wrote her on Monday last.

J. B. Will reply to him next week. Does he hope the person referred to is a hypocrite, the article seems somewhat like it.

D. H. M. His article will appear when the state of our columns will permit. It is lengthy, and had it come from a friend, we might decline publishing it on that account.

Ellen. Is acceptable.

A reader of the Bugle. Shall have place.

L. P. Will be inserted—wish he had been as brief as "Observer."

R. W. We wrote her a month since; did she not receive the letter?

P. R. Just received—better late than never. That money is current here.

#### Affairs in Mexico.

There are various rumors afloat in regard to the condition of things in Mexico; and reports manufactured to suit the public taste have from time to time been put in circulation. Not long since word came up that C. M. Clay had killed Marshall in a duel. By the time this was published in the papers in Maine, those in New Orleans were passing on a contradiction of the story. Then an account was given of the assassination of Santa Anna, and about the time the public were anxiously expecting a description of his funeral ceremonies, they hear he is engaged in fighting game cocks in some inland town of Mexico. The present advises however, appear to have a more authentic bearing, and from them we gather that a slight reverse has happened to the American arms, to be followed perchance by greater. A party of eleven men, depated to bear dispatches from Gen. Scott to Taylor, was captured by the Mexicans, who thereby gained possession of a detail of the proposed action of the American army. Another party of nearly one hundred met with the same fate, among whom was the Cassius M. Clay who left his pen and editorial chair for Mexico and martial glory! A quiet captivity in Mexico will perhaps do him good.

#### Some of the National Reformers

Of New York recently held a meeting, at which, among others, they passed the following resolution:

*Resolved, therefore, That we, National Reformers of the city of New York, in view of our country's imminent peril, feeling bound to make prompt answer to her call for aid, do solemnly pledge ourselves to raise and enroll for active service in the war against Mexico, eight hundred men by the first day of April next; provided that those of our fellow citizens numbering five hundred and eighty men who have signed the call for this meeting, will pledge themselves to enlist and unite with us in active service—to make common cause against the Mexicans, in striving to restore an honorable peace to our distracted country.*

It is true the contingent clause in the above very much diminishes the danger of the eight hundred being called for, and we might consider it a burlesque upon those who patriotically urge others to enlist while they decline to do so themselves, did not the other resolutions in the series prove that the National Reformers who adopted them, are in favor of the war.

This is certainly a strange position for such men to occupy. They, who have been insisting that each family should have a homestead secured to them, are, robber-like, avowing their desire to deprive the Mexicans of theirs. What devotion to the principles of equality! What ardent desire to abolish the land monopoly by stealing entire provinces from a neighboring republic! Or is it only the citizens of the United States who are each entitled to a farm? If the National Reformers desire to elevate and improve the condition of man by securing a home to the homeless, and land to the landless, they had better stand aloof from all marauding parties, and have no connection with those whose highest idea of earthly good is to be found in the butchery of unoffending Mexicans.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—For the last two months we have not received this work until the subscribers in this neighborhood have been supplied—would it not be better for all to be sent at the same time? Among the contributors to the March No., are Bryant, Osgood, Neal and Cooper. The publishers promise a series of articles on the Indians of America, than which no subject could be more befitting an American Magazine, nor more interesting to American readers. The character of the aborigines whom this nation has so cruelly persecuted, is a study of deep interest—their character, not degraded as it has become by intercourse with pale-faces, but as it existed when they dwelt unmolested amid the boundless forests of the New World, and saw in their beauty and their majesty, a type of the Great Spirit whom they worshipped.

The Magazine for this month contains a handsome engraving of the Saukies and Fox Indians "on the look-out," which of itself is almost worth the price of the book, to say nothing of a view of the "Falls of the Tugalawga," Georgia.

#### Agents.

We have this week revised our list of agents for the Bugle, making some additions and other alterations.

John Bissell will act at Lowellville in place of Dr. Butler; Willard Curtis at Farmington in place of Wm. Smith; C. D. Brown at Hinckley in place of Luther Parker, Jr.; F. McGrew at Painesville in place of J. W. Briggs.

At some of the places where we have a large list of subscribers, we were informed that the appointment of an additional agent would be a matter of convenience to some of our patrons—this has accordingly been done as follows: T. E. Vickers, New Haven; W. J. Bright, Youngstown; Joseph Carroll, Ravenna; Elijah Poor, Richfield; J. F. Munday, Andover.

New agents: L. Hill, Granger; G. McCloud, Bush; G. W. Bushnell, Hartford; A. Joiner, Garrettsville.

We do hope that all our local agents will exert themselves to extend the circulation of the Bugle in their respective neighborhoods, for much depends upon the amount of labor thus bestowed.

We rely upon them for aid to promulgate in this way the diffusion of Disunion doctrines, and hope that not one of them will disappoint us.

#### The Wilmo. Proviso.

Calhoun's speech—which we publish today—and other Southern influences, have been brought to bear with such force upon the Senate, as to compel *five Northern Democrats* to swallow slavery horns and hoofs.—The vote upon the exclusion of slavery from the territory stolen or to be stolen from Mexico was 21 against 31. So the Proviso was lost, and the bill as amended returned to the House for its consideration. We see it stated in one paper, that it was there adopted by a majority of 31! The report of its adoption is likely enough to be true, but we can hardly believe that after adopting the Proviso by a majority of 10, the House could so soon give a majority of 34 against it. There is no telling, however, what the craven-hearted members of Congress, 27 dead, occurred within a week; in a neighboring parish, a like number in three weeks. The Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald, Roman Catholic curate of Kilkeeville, illustrates the intensity of the famine: "I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind a few days ago, by a most heart-rending case of starvation. I have witnessed the poor mother of five in family sending her little children, almost lifeless from hunger, to bed, and, despairing of ever again seeing them alive, she took her last leave of them. In the morning, her first act was to touch their lips with her hand, to see if the breath of life still remained; but the poor mother's fears were not groundless, for not a bone could she find from some of her dear little children; that night buried them in the earth of eternity."

The horrible condition of the parish and town of Bantry:

"Starvation is the rule with our unhappy population. They drop in the field or in the road, or they shut themselves up in their houses and the rats devour them as they die! Catherine Aunt, speaking of Mary and Timothy McCarthy, says—"The cries of the child, Timothy, were terrible; but at last he died, lying on his mother's bosom, endeavoring to draw milk from her. On the day following the mother died. The woman's eyebrow and part of her breast and nose had been eaten away by rats, as were the limbs of the child."

Dr. James McCormick, in a letter to the Cork Constitution, dated Crookhaven, Jan. 11, says the deaths in that place from starvation average seven a day. One hundred have already died of starvation, and five times that number must immediately follow."

Other accounts show that the calamity is very general and increasing with fearful rapidity, accompanied by a fever and dysentery, both produced by extreme want and the use of turnips, cabbage and sea weed as a substitute for bread! One writer describes a case of the remains of the dead carcass of a horse being gathered up in a basket by a poor husband and father, to feed a starving wife and children; another relates a horrible scene in Cork, of a poor half-famished female rushing into the yard of a hotel—seize upon some dead entrails of fish, which had been thrown out, and after getting out of the gateway, she reeled with weakness, and fell in the street, yet continued to gnaw at the disgusting entrails!

In the vicinity of poor houses, there is a continual rush to these places till they are filled to overflowing. Some, it is said, expect to die, go there in order to secure a coffin, for hundreds are tumbling into their graves, with nothing around them but the tattered garments in which they were found dead. The horrible spectacle of carrying them to their graves in that condition is daily witnessed by trav-lers.

But it is not a time to enumerate cases of distress. We must stop at the commencement of their relief at least.

If it were a matter of dispute or doubt, any required amount of evidence could be adduced, but it is not.

Now what is the duty of a community of philanthropic and christian people, with granaries overflowing with the exuberance of a bountiful crop, when their ears are saluted with the death shrieks of famishing thousands? Who can sit down to partake of the sumptuous fare of his own table, when the empty stomachs of brethren and sisters across the water are contributing by the keen pangs of hunger; and when the pathetic appeals of starving innocents are heard, with voices almost too weak for audible utterance, yet the more piercing, "father, get me more bread; Oh! father, do get me a morsel of bread, or I must die!"

One poor lisping child was said to ask its mother, "mother, give me three grains of corn!"

What can be more touching—what can reach our sympathies, if this cannot?

Behold the poor mother stinting herself to supply her little ones, now weak and haggard, as at last compelled by her helpless babes the morsel which would sustain life, while not understanding the cause, they continue to plead and to beg! The infantile the breast has been known to seek its vain

#### IRISH RELIEF MEETING.

In accordance with a call of many citizens to take into consideration the sufferings of Ireland, and also to adopt measures to assist in their relief, a meeting was held in the M. E. House, and organized by appointing Dr. Abel Carey to the Chair, and Richard H. Garrigues Secretary.

The Call for the meeting being read—

On motion, the Address of the National Meeting at Washington city was read.

Samuel Scattergood, B. B. Davis, and Rev. Jacob Coon were appointed to produce resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

On motion, the report of the committee on resolutions was accepted.

On motion, the following Address was adopted:

**AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE STARVING PEASANTRY OF IRELAND.**

To the Citizens of the State of Ohio.

Never since the rich soil of this rapidly growing State has become subdued by the axe and the plow of the husbandman, has there been a more bountiful store of the necessities of life in our granaries and storehouses, than the past season, and we may safely say, that never has there been a more urgent appeal upon the benevolence of our people than that which now comes to us from destitute, famine-stricken Ireland.

We have it in our power to rescue our fellow creatures from the jaws of famine; to timely move on our part to save thousands from premature death. Who is unable to send at least a peck of corn, which alone might save a family from starvation till other assistance comes to their relief?

Citizens of Ohio, will you not avail yourselves of the present opportunity of conferring upon a wretched but broken-hearted people, of those blessings with which you have been favored by a kind Providence, that ye may receive not only the most cordial thanks of a grateful people, but the welcome exhortation inasmuch "as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

for its wonted nourishment there, and turn die for want!

The distressed father, also the wretched victim of famine, his flesh every day diminishing, horror and despair depicted in his countenance, must suffer the two-fold torture of the piercing cries for bread, bread, bread,

when he can procure none for them, and the pains of his own bodily affliction. Let these scenes be brought home in imagination, to our own domestic firesides. Let us suppose our own children, our parents or brothers and sisters, to be at this moment subsisting upon some boiled vegetables as substitute of nourishment as the sea-weed, and growing pale, lank and sickly or failing victims to disease, what exertion would we think too great to supply them at least with a little corn meal to relieve over their mess!

But let the stoutest heart resist if it can, the melting appeal of a poor half starved babe, in all the innocence of its age, and in the entire absence of an item of life-sustaining food, asking its mother for three grains of corn!

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## POETRY.

*From the Tribune.*

### Christ Betrayed.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years ago  
Was that deed of darkness done;  
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head  
To a shameful death, betrayed,  
And Iscariot's traitor name  
Blazoned in eternal shame.  
Thou, disciple of our time,  
Follower of the faith sublime,  
Who with high and holy scorn  
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,  
Though the years may never more  
To our earth that form restore,  
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,  
Ever in thy heart He strives.  
When pale Misery mutely calls,  
When thy tempted brother falls,  
When thy gentle words may chain  
Hate, and Anger, and Distrust,  
Or thy loving smile impart  
Courage to some sinking heart;  
When within thy troubled breast  
Good and evil thoughts contest,  
Though unconscious thou mayst be,  
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land  
With His small Disciple band,  
And the fatal hour had come  
For that august martyrdom;  
When the man, the human love,  
And the God within Him strove,  
As in Gethsemane He wept,  
They, the faithless watchers, slept;  
While for them He wept and prayed,  
One deceived and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn't aside  
Is thy luxury and pride,  
Wrapped within thyself and blind  
To the sorrows of thy kind,  
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,  
Thou art one of those who sleep.  
Or, if waking thou dost see  
Nothing of Divinity  
In our fallen, struggling race,  
If in them thou seest no trace  
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,  
Of a Future to be won,  
Of a Future, hopeful, high,  
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.  
But if, seeing, thou believest,  
If the Evangel thou receivest,  
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,  
False to the Ideal within,  
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,  
Then the Son of God hast sold.

### An Appeal for Ireland.

O! list to the wail—the wail of the dying—  
The cry of the famishing, perishing crowd;  
Mark! infants are sobbing and mothers are  
sighing.  
And iron-nerved men are weeping aloud.  
Loud booming across the ocean's dark water  
Comes the cry of the needy, the noble and  
brave;  
The strong men are falling—they fall in the  
slaughter.  
Gaunt famine is working—oh! pity and  
sore.  
They stagger and reel—their strength is all  
wasted,  
Pale, pale is the cheek, and dimmed is the  
eye;  
Each huskily whispers—"No food have I  
tasted,  
O! 'tis hard from sheer famine thus slowly  
to die."  
They carry him homeward—O! cheerless the  
greeting,  
Pale wife and wan children are weeping at  
home;  
Yet true to their love, his name oft repeating,  
The morsel's untouched till the absent one  
comes.  
O! list to the wailing—the strong men are  
falling—  
O! hear how they cry for a morsel of food;  
Their prayers then prevailing, with mercy  
availing,  
Shall teach you how blessed it is to do  
good.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE PLOUGH AND SWORD.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

In one of the quiet villages that beautify the valley of the Connecticut, sleeping like nests among the green drapery, was a pleasant and somewhat antique farm-house. It stood retired from the public road, overshadowed by a lofty elm, with broad, drooping branches. A silver brooklet came bubbling from the hillock in its back-ground; then flowing into a nook amid the roots of some old trees, and growing deeper and more subdued, was content to refresh the steed of the passing traveler, or the birds who drank and ruminated in its waters, as though it was to them a Helicon.

The smaller tenements and appendages of the farm-house evinced neatness and good husbandry. A dense hop-vine clutched along its piazza, and a row of bee-hives sent forth their busy people among the thyme and balm-beds. The sound of the master's wheel, mingling with her song, was heard from the open easement in summer, while the rich produce from the churn and the cheese-pens attested her skill in the dairy.

In the labors of the farmer, his two young sons were constant and active participants. They assisted to draw the furrow in early spring, and to scatter the seed from whence their bread was to grow. In the summer, they followed the scythe with their lighter implements, preparing the fragrant food for their domestic animals. In autumn they aided to gather into the garner the varied bounty that God, through their mother earth, sent as a reward for faithful toil. In winter they sought with equal diligence, at the district school, those merciful stores which were to enrich the whole life.

One cold evening, they were seated with their books beside a bright fire fed by the trees of their own forest, while their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. The younger, a boy of thirteen, threw aside his lesson, and said:

"I intend to be a soldier. I have read of Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte—

There is nothing in this world so great as the fame of the warrior."

His brother raised a thoughtful brow, and regarded him with a steady glance for a few moments ere he replied,

"To destroy life, and bring mourning into families, and misery into the world, seems to me cruel, instead of glorious."

"O, but the rich dress, the fine music, and the glittering arms, think of them! And then, the honor and the praise! To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and all the people talking of your courage, and distant nations applauding your victories; how can you be blind to such greatness as that?"

"Did not our minister say last Sunday, from the pulpit, that 'the end of life was the test of its greatness'?" Now, Alexander of Macedon, whom you call the Great, fell in a fit of drunkenness, and Bonaparte died on a desolate island, like a chained wild beast."

"I am sorry to see you are so easily prejudiced. Indeed, I must say you have a very narrow mind. I doubt whether you are capable of admiring heroes. You had better, by all means, be a farmer. Your highest ambition, I suppose, is to break a pair of steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the father was heard from an adjoining apartment.

"Boys, go to bed!"

This ended, for that night, their conversation on martial glory, the only subject on which they strongly disagreed.

A few hours passed swiftly and silently past by. How quiet is the lapse of time in an agricultural village! Masses of men are not there to level the hillocks, or rear the red brick where the forest wastes, or toss the slumbering waters into the cauldron of the steam-spirits, or give the green lawns to the tramp of its iron horse.

Seed-time and harvest alternate—the beautiful seasons complete their annual round.—The child comes forth from the arms of its mother, and guides the plough; a little more silver is sprinkled on the heads that have passed their prime—the old man leans more heavily upon his staff—a few more green moulds are visible in the church yard.

The features of the rural scenery which we have already described, were but slightly changed. The elm had thrown its crooked branches somewhat higher and marked out a broader circumference of shade. The brook still told an unfinished tale to listening summer, and in winter incrustated with frost-work and diamonds its root-wreathed basin. On the roof of the farm-house, more moss had gathered, and its rough brown fence was replaced by a white paling.

Within was the same cheerful fire that blazed when we last visited it. By its hearth stone stood the same arm chair, but its former occupants had become tenants of that lowly bed which no rising sun awakens.—In their place sat the eldest son, and by his side a woman of mature age and pleasing countenance, on whose knee rested a fair infant. On a pallet, in a shaded nook of the apartment, two little ones quietly breathed in the sleep of innocence, and at a small table, two boys with thoughtful brows pondered their lessons. A winter storm was raging, and as the blast shook the casements, the farmer said to his wife,

"In such cold nights, I cannot help thinking of my poor brother. But so many years have passed since we heard aught of him, and his way of life was so full of danger, that it is most probable he no longer needs our sympathy."

"Husband, just as you began to speak, I thought I heard some one knock, or was it the wind striking the old elm tree?"

On opening the door, a motionless form was found extended near the threshold. A staff was still feebly grasped in his hand, and a crutch, that supplied the place of a lost limb, had fallen at his side; with difficulty he was borne in, and pillow'd near the fire. After the application of restoratives, he opened his eyes, and seemed to gaze on every surrounding object—clock and oaken table, and large old Bible—as on some recollect friend.—Then there was some faint sound of brother."

That tone touched the tender memories of earlier years. Their welcome to the poor wanderer, with the broken frame, the tattered garment, was heartfelt. Yet their tears flowed freshly at his pathetic tones.

"See, I have come home to die!"

They hastened to spread the refreshing repast, and to press him to partake. Afterwards they induced him to sitre to rest without taxing his exhausted strength by conversation. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his couch, solacing his worn spirit with narratives of the changes that had befallen them and other friends in the peaceful spot of his birth. At intervals he mingled his own sad recital.

"I have had many troubles. But that which hath most bowed me down inwardly, was my disobedience in leaving home against the wishes, and without the knowledge of my parents, to be a soldier. I have felt the pain of my wounds, but the sting of conscience is keener. Hunger and thirst I have known, and the prisons of a foreign land. When I lay sick and neglected, it would sometimes seem, in the fever-dream, that my mother bent kindly over me, as she would if I had only the head-ache—or that my father came with the great Bible in his hand, to read, as he used to do, before prayers, morning and evening. Then I cried out in agony, 'I am no longer worthy to be called thy son!'

He paused, overcome with emotion, and his brother hastened to assure him of their perfect forgiveness, and of the fervor with which he was brought even before the family altar as the son crying yet beloved.

"Ah, those prayers! They have followed me like angels' wings. But for them I might have been a reproach both to God and man."

By little and little, as his feebleness admitted, he told the story of his wanderings. He had been in warlike both by sea and land. He had heard the deep ocean resound with the red shower from the bosom of her sons. He had served in the armies of Europe, and pursued the hunted Indian in his own native clime. He had plunged recklessly amid the thickest dangers, seeking every where the glories that dashed his boyhood, but in vain. He found the soldier's lot was hardship, privation and death, that others might win the fame. He saw what fortune could do to him.

"For a few moments," said he, "on the verge of battle, I felt a shuddering, inexplicable horror at the thought of destroying

my fellow creatures; but in the heat of conflict all human sympathy vanished. Desperate madness took possession of me, and I cared neither for this world nor the next. I have been left helpless on the field beneath trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chill night air, while no man cared for my soul. Yet why should I pain you by such descriptions? You have ever dwelt within the sweet influence of mercy, and shrank to distress even a soulless animal!"

"To destroy life, and bring mourning into families, and misery into the world, seems to me cruel, instead of glorious."

"O, but the rich dress, the fine music, and the glittering arms, think of them! And then, the honor and the praise! To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and all the people talking of your courage, and distant nations applauding your victories; how can you be blind to such greatness as that?"

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### The American Expedition to Japan.

*Correspondence of the Sun.*  
U. S. SHIP COLUMBUS, }  
Honolulu, Sept. 20, 1846. }

Knowing the interest our visit to Japan has excited among civilized nations, I dispatch the following particulars by an opportunity now offering for Boston. We sailed from Macao on the 26th of May, ostensibly for the Sandwich Islands, but with secret instructions to touch at the ports of Amoy and Chusan, on our way to Japan, and as far as possible to promote friendly intercourse between the Americans in those cities and the Chinese inhabitants. In this the gallant Com. Biddle was altogether successful, and after a run of fifteen days we have in sight of Japan, and in company with the Vincennes anchored below Yedo, or Jeddoo, the commercial metropolis. Having no charts of the harbor, and the natives refusing to pilot us up, we remained in the bay. The authorities came off and requested us not to come near the shore. They would supply us with everything we required, and deliver any communication we might have for their grand Cuboy, or Emperor, who resides at Jeddoo, some miles inland. Commodore Biddle forwarded his letter of introduction to the Emperor, from the President of the United States, which explained the objects of our visit. The Cuboy is styled the "Illustrous Monarch under Heaven," or "The sovereign of the abode of the gods under Sun rising." His Majesty rules thirty millions of people, he has two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, an army of three hundred thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry. Next to the Cuboy is the Dairo, or spiritual head of the empire. These are sovereign in their respective governments and each in turn is compelled to obey the other. The Cuboy has petty princes under him who rule the provinces into which the empire is divided. The Dairo has twelve wives and the Cuboy an unlimited number. Polygamy is universal. The religion is like that of China. In art, science and literature, the Japanese are superior to the Chinese, from whom they descended. They have converted their barren islands into beautiful gardens, which rise in terraces on the mountains. They have copper, iron, steel and silver, and in working these metals they are not surpassed by Europeans. Coal also abounds in the islands. The manufacture of porcelain and glass, lacquered ware, silk and cotton goods, has been carried on by them for centuries. Their trade is confined to the Dutch, the Chinese and the Corsairs, and the only port open to these is Nagasaki. Their dread of foreigners was caused by an attempt of the Portuguese to establish the Roman Catholic Religion over them in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Dutch merchants disclosed the plot to the Japanese priests. The Cuboy himself had embraced the Catholic religion, with a third of his people, and all these with the Catholic Missionaries, were slain by the Dairo and his religious followers. Ever since, the Dutch merchants have enjoyed exclusive privileges, and all the great men of the empire speak the low Dutch with great fluency. By this means they obtain from Dutch newspapers an accurate knowledge of occurrences throughout the world. As an evidence of this, we were astonished to learn that they had heard of our intended visit. The President's letter informed the Emperor that the people of the United States were desirous of cultivating friendly relations with the Japanese, to which the Emperor replied that he had heard of the Catholic Religion, with a third of his people, and all these with the Catholic Missionaries, were slain by the Dairo and his religious followers. Ever since, the Dutch merchants have enjoyed exclusive privileges, and all the great men of the empire speak the low Dutch with great fluency. By this means they obtain from Dutch newspapers an accurate knowledge of occurrences throughout the world. Still further on, are the garments of a man, of costly materials, but dabbled with blood. Iron frames, supporting inclined boards to the number of eight or ten, were arranged round the room, into which we had looked. On these, directly underneath the collection of clothes, were outstretched the bodies of their wearers, stripped naked with the exception of a slight covering of small size about the loins. Of these unfortunate, after inquiry, I obtained the following account:

The character of the first might be rend without much difficulty in the red and bloated face bearing indelible traces of the ravages of strong drink. He had been drawn from the Seine, into which he had thrown himself, or unintentionally fallen. The body had evidently remained some days in the river, and becoming thus putrescent, a constant shower of stench, trinkets, as a present from his master, still further on, are the garments of a man, of costly materials, but dabbled with blood. Iron frames, supporting inclined boards to the number of eight or ten, were arranged round the room, into which we had looked. On these, directly underneath the collection of clothes, were outstretched the bodies of their wearers, stripped naked with the exception of a slight covering of small size about the loins. Of these unfortunate, after inquiry, I obtained the following account:

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